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soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and, more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the woman was lying on. The young woman darted at them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of the troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But for the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman.

"Where came these provisions?"
"They are all the same as we burnt. We concealed them for our friends."
"Is your husband with yonder brigands?"
"My husband is in heaven," said she, lifting up her eyes. "He died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand."
"Have you any brother among them?"
"I have no longer a tie, excepting my poor child," and she pressed the infant to her breast.

The poor little creature was thin and sorrowful; but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order a division of booty, for we are very hungry and devilish thirsty."

"One moment, my children. Listen," said he, eyeing the woman with suspicious indignation—"these provisions are good, I hope!"

"How could they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard, contentiously—"they were not for you."

"Well, here's to thy health, then, Demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught. But his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good you will not object to a glass?"

"Oh, dear, no! as much as you please," and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, he emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

"And your child, will drink some also," said the lieutenant—"he is so pale that it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without any hesitation, but on holding the cup to her infant's lips, her hand trembled. The motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions soon disappeared, and all partook both food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to hideous shrieks.

The mother, too, though her fortitude suppressed complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commander, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes!" said she with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death rattle; "yes—I have poisoned you! I knew, you would fetch the skins from their hiding place. Was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed in her litter? Yes, yes! you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall die and go to heaven."

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers did not at first comprehend the full horror of their situation—but as the poison operated, the Spanish woman's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them. In vain their commander interposed. They repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim to the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call otherwise but great and heroic. The commander himself told me that he escaped by a miracle.

THE MODERATE GLASS.

William Markley was born in Bloomsburgh, in the western part of Pennsylvania. His father was one of the early settlers, a man to whom the inhabitants of Bloomsburgh looked for relief in more ways than one. Being a skillful physician and surgeon he repaired their physical injuries; and so much was he respected that he was chosen arbiter of all their differences. No lawyer dared to settle in his neighborhood.

He died when William was yet a child, and, unfortunately for William, left behind him a considerable estate, the product of honest industry. His son was left to the guardianship of Richard Newland, his maternal uncle. This man was one of those inhabitants of a new country who have no stated occupation, and yet thrive. He speculated in land, kept a "store," made contrabands, and in short, let no opportunity of advantage escape. It will be supposed that he had not much time to bestow on the education of his ward.

William Markley grew up like some rank weed, unheeded. He was sent to school, indeed, but no one took account of his progress or enforced his attendance. But he was possessed of talents that enabled him to outstrip his school-fellows. He performed the tasks of a week in a day, and spent the remainder of his time in hunting, at horse-races and shooting-matches. At such places he was always welcome, for he had money, and was not backward in spending it. There are always gamblers and other dissolute characters about the frontier, and into such company did this neglected boy often fall. He was a mine to them; as he approached manhood his uncle allowed him the whole income of his property, and gave small heed to the use of it.

In his twentieth year, then, he was a tall, handsome, reckless youth, whom those who best knew, looked on as in the high road to ruin. He had indeed made some steps towards acquiring a profession, that of his father—but when his name was the theme of discourse, the notables of Bloomsburgh shook their heads, and hoped he would do well.

He might have done well—for there were many redeeming traits in his character—had he not acquired a habit that has ruined thousands: that of moderate drinking. "A moderate glass," said his *soi-disant* friend, Tom Huntley, "can never hurt any body; so Bill, toss off your glass, and let Doctor Coltrane preach about temperance as much as he pleases." And Bill did toss off his moderate glass, and then another, and then another.

Huntley was a man ten years older than our hero. He had squandered a good estate and now lived—every one knew how. He haunted race grounds, and was a welcome guest at taverns. Fathers warned their sons to beware of him. William Markley liked no one so well. True, he swore—but there were worse sins than the vice of swearing. He drank—but no one ever saw him the worse for liquor. He gambled—but no one could accuse him of foul play. Altogether, he was the most dangerous companion possible, for his good humor was invincible—he was, or at least appeared to be, frank, brave and generous—and he was admitted into good company. Markley often said it was a pity that he was obliged to live by his wits. It never occurred to him, that after one of his moderate glasses Huntley always proposed a bet to him, or a game at cards or billiards. Though he always lost at first, the veteran gambler seldom came off second best, in the end.

Mr. Newland at last saw his nephew's danger, and warned him; but it was too late. The young man received his counsel with an ill grace, and desired him to mind his own affairs more and those of others less. The uncle retorted, by desiring him to apply to his friend Huntley when he wanted money, for he should have no more from him than the exact allowance specified in his father's will. They parted with mutual reproach and insult. Mr. Newland telling his ward that when his minority should have expired he would eschew all connection with him, William felt assured he would keep his word, for Mr. Newland was a man that never forsook.

Time wore on, our hero attained his majority and the full command of his estate. He began to make his rounds in the character of a physician, and might have risen to eminence but for what his sporting friends called an accident. A messenger arrived at his lodgings one evening to require his attendance on a person who had been thrown violently from his horse. Markley was not at home, but the man was directed to a tavern, where he found him he sought, engaged at *vingt-un* with Huntley and two other blacklegs. He had taken two or three moderate glasses, but was not so overcome as to be unable to repair to his patient. Happy would it have been for both had he missed his way. With a trembling hand he proceeded to bleed the sufferer, severed an artery, and the man perished.

This was Markley's last patient; with his practice he lost his self-respect, and was now seen in no more company but that of Huntley and his associates. He was sensible of his degradation; merely moderate glasses could not make him forget it. The result was inevitable, the day his last hundred passed into the hands of a rogue, saw William Markley a despised vagabond.

His uncle had shut his doors on him long before; therefore, he could expect no aid from that quarter. Gaming was his only resource, and now that nothing more could be expected of him, Huntley sometimes aided him to win the money of others. In this way the miserable young man gained a precarious subsistence some months. One night, at last, he sat down as Huntley's partner, to play with two strangers. Whether these were deeper in the mysteries of the gaming table than our friends, or whether Markley's frequent applications to the bottle destroyed his self-possession, cannot now be known, but it is certain that he and his partner lost all their money, and rose from the board deeply in debt.

The next day Markley was compelled to endure the reproaches of his companion, who was sure the bottle had been the sole cause of their misfortune, and equally sure that at another sitting, with more caution, they

could retrieve their loss. But how procure the necessary stakes! Huntley suggested the means; that our hero should forge a check on the Bloomsburgh Bank, in his uncle's name. Markley demurred, urged the risk of detection, and—washed down his final refusal with a dram.

"There is no danger," said Huntley; "your uncle will never discover the trick. You have yourself told me that he does not visit the Bank once in a year. There is no wrong in borrowing a few of his hundreds, and you can return the loan to-morrow, if you will be guided by me. I would do it myself but that I should be suspected."

"But if we lose this money, too!" replied Markley.

"I tell you there is no danger—but if he should find you out, your uncle will never prosecute you, for his own sake. And does he deserve your forbearance! After bringing me into this trouble will you not risk something to get me out of it! Come, take another glass."

The glass was emptied—the argument resumed—the check drawn—a large sum obtained and lost the same evening!

Unused to crime, Markley had not been able to present the check without such trepidation as drew suspicion on him. His uncle was speedily informed of the draft, called on his nephew and proffered pardon on condition of immediate restitution. When he learned how his money had been disposed of, his anger was vehement. At the next session of the Circuit Court, William Markley stood up to receive sentence of five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. As the officers were removing him he swore a dreadful oath—that his uncle's severity should cost him his heart's blood.

State Prisons are not schools of morals, and Markley's character was not improved by his intercourse with his fellow-prisoners. He soon learned to look on crime with indifference. At last he was discharged, and wended his way back to his native place.

He stopped at a paltry inn, about five miles from Bloomsburgh, and in the tap-room saw an old acquaintance. In the bloated, ragged beggar that stood before him, he had some difficulty to recognize the once gay Tom Huntley. He, however, it was. Detected and posted as a cheat and swindler, he had fallen into the most abject misery. Unhappily for Markley, his quarrelsome associate had about him a few small pieces of money at the time of their meeting. He called for liquor, and they sat down together to drink and converse. Their discourse naturally fell on their poverty, and Huntley proposed to the convict to better their condition at his uncle's expense, at the same time reminding him of the oath he had sworn. Markley's ire had long since cooled, and far from wishing to put his threat in execution, he testified some reluctance even to rob Mr. Newland. His scruples gave way, however, before the influence of Huntley's liquor, aided by his logic. That very night he fixed on as the time the convict should break into his uncle's house.

Being familiar with the premises, he entered easily, armed with an iron bar, adapted to forcing locks; while his accomplice watched without. He had already broken open a secretary, without noise, as he thought, when Mr. Newland awoke and came into the apartment. Markley would have escaped, but his uncle laid hands on him and called for help. One blow with a knife and the old man lay weltering in his blood. Another person who came to his assistance, shared his fate. A few faint words uttered as she fell, told the murderer that his second victim was Mr. Newland's only daughter; and she whom he had once tenderly loved, and hoped to make his wife. He stood for awhile stupefied, but was roused and comforted by his accomplice, who, impatient of his delay had joined him. They struck a light, and began to search, but found little money, so that Markley had loaded his soul with this guilt to little purpose. He at last left the house, leaving Huntley, who was now tired of searching, behind him.

He took the road to Philadelphia, on which he had not proceeded many rods when Huntley overtook him. They traveled on hastily and in silence, till a noise in the rear made Markley look back. His uncle's house was in flames. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed to his companion, "you have burned the little ones alive!"

"No, not alive," returned the other, "I did first by you as you did by old Newland."

"O, why did you do it? What harm had my poor little cousins done you?"

"None; but it was neck or nothing with me. They saw me, and began to cry aloud. I was obliged to silence them. It will now be believed that the family perished by fire."

Huntley was mistaken; the children were entirely destroyed, but the corpses of the old man and his daughter were not so far consumed that marks of violence were distinguished on them. It was then suggested that William Markley had been seen in the neighborhood, and his oath of vengeance was remembered. He was traced, pursued and taken, with his uncle's watch in his pocket. He might have escaped, but the habit that had been the source of his crimes, insured his punishment. He stopped at every tavern on the way, and never left one in a condition for speedy traveling.

The chain of evidence against him was complete. He perished on the gibbet, amidst the execrations of all who had once given him their love and esteem.

One part of his address to the assembled multitude deserves to be remembered. "My friends," said he, beware of the 'moderate glass.' A moderate glass destroyed my professional reputation and reduced me from opulence to beggary. A moderate glass made me a forger, and carried me to the penitentiary. The demon of drink nerved my arm to murder, and then conducted me to the gallows. Take warning by my fate, and beware of a 'moderate glass.'"

Select Miscellany.

CARRY A THING THROUGH.

Carry a thing through. That's it, don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide awaked begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it cost your best comfort, time, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this warring and fainting of soul and purpose. It bespeaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig till you know your ground, see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, heart, life and fire, neither turning to your right or left. Push on, on, on; push as though you were born for the very work you are about beginning, as though creation were waiting through all time for your special hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. You can't be strong minded. Be pluckish, patient, consistent. Be hopeful, stern, and manly. When once fairly in a work, don't give it up. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, on that to-morrow, and on another next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living; we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out, be sure the end of your life will show nothing if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, bravely, sticking, growing, living, to a thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short you must carry a thing through, if you should be anybody or anything. No matter if it is hard. No matter if it costs you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, with whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient (under Providence) for the deed. You'll be successful, never fear.—*Waverly Magazine.*

ORDER AND CARE IN LITTLE THINGS.

Small incidents sometimes lead to disastrous consequences. How essentially important, then, is it that we should cultivate the habit of order—of putting in place every thing that we should find out of place. Parents often work against this wholesome principle, by all the time replacing articles of furniture, of dress, &c., which are carelessly left where they are used by their children, instead of having a place for everything, and of rigidly requiring everything to be put in its place when no longer required.

A servant drops the broom just where her labors with it happen to end—within the next hour the handle is stumbled over and broken.

A child neglects to place his book where it may be found—an hour's hunt is the consequence, and a lesson, perhaps, is lost. A son leaves his boots and boot-jack in company in the middle of the room, to the annoyance of the whole household, to be removed and properly placed by some one whose time and attention he has no claim upon. The farmer leaves his plow in the field where he has last used it, exposed to the weather, and when he next wants it, an hour is lost in hunting it, and probably another in removing the rust and rendering it fit for use. All this is the result of this want of a little care in giving the right direction in early life. The habit of order and care in little things is as easy acquired as the opposite habit of slovenly neglect.

Next in importance to habits of order, is

to see that everything is in order. If your bars are broken or a gate off its hinges, do not neglect to put them in order until the cattle have destroyed a crop of grain; if a hoe wants a handle, an axe a helve, or if a scythe needs grinding, do not fail to put them off until the hour you desire to use them. It is a curious fact that hundreds of lives were lost in the steamer *Birkenhead*, because a paddle-box boat could not be unfastened, and the reason why this was, that the iron pin which held the iron strap, or fastening of the iron paddle-box, by which it was kept down to its place, was so badly rusted that it could not be drawn out. Had this fastening, and this pin been of galvanized iron, the accident would not have happened. Indeed, if once or twice on the voyage some one had given the boat a coating of oil, the boat would not have rusted, and many human beings might have been saved a watery grave.

THE DYING WIFE.

That wife over whom your love broods is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped up in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehensions, and she tries hard to make that step of her's elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have censured your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into a barren world soil, and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of the home roof; they will not bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all other; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling.

When the heart lay wide open before it had grown up and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toll and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape when evening drew near.

How it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul.

You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? did he ever fail? is he never forgetful?

You are early home—mid afternoon—Your step is not light; it is heavy—terrible. They have sent for you.

She is lying down, her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes are open; you put your hand in hers; your trembles—her's does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you."

She presses harder your hand—"Adieu!" A long breath—another; you are alone again.

No tears now; poor man! you cannot find them!

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tip toe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a single question about the inscription on the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door, you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthily like a cat.

The man has done his work well for all that. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good staunch table the coffin rests on—it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of family!

Ay, of family—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinhead feature; it is all that is left of her! And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your hands, nor mangle your lips, for grate your teeth together. If you could only weep.

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The

stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart has gone.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim house-keeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blazing sticks.

Sit down in your chair: there is another velvet cushioned one over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

As the always come after blaze.

Go now into your room, where she was sick—sofitly, less the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains upon the bed. They have removed from the stands its pillows and silver bell; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the windows, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold. She is not there.—*J. K. Marcel.*

THE WAY TO DO BUSINESS NOW-A-DAYS.

—The Boston Daily Bee says: Keep up with the times and be somebody, is to advertise. And as a matter of course the way to run behind hand sink into obscurity, and be nobody is not to advertise. The logic of both propositions is straight and legitimate.

The man in these days who supposes he can get along without putting his sign in the newspapers, will wake up, one of these fine mornings, and find himself the victim of a very big mistake. This matter of advertising is no longer an experiment, but a tried and proved fact—just as much so as to the plainest thing in mathematics. He who supposes that the world will hunt him up when buried in shadows, while others are dashing out in broad sunlight, has yet to learn the rudiments of success—penetrate the wind of victory.

The more publicity a business has the more it is put into people's eyes and ears, the better it will be for the man doing it. Hence in the best regulated and largest fortunemaking establishment there is set apart a certain amount for advertising; just as much as for paying bills and meeting notes. It is rightly considered one of the necessities of a successful trade. To try to do without would be almost equivalent to having no stock.

Advertise if you want business, and don't advertise if you wish to avoid it. The receipt is a never failing one.

THE USE OF LABOR.—We must work if we wish to win; and labor rightly understood, is a pleasure as well as a duty. It is by labor that we get knowledge, influence and respectability. It was by labor that all the men who are now great in history, for their evil words and noble deeds, who wrote books, built cathedrals, made laws, and governed people, succeeded. Let no boy think honorable labor a hardship, rather let him regard it as a necessity, a duty, an enjoyment, and the true secret of success in life. The late Rev. Rowland Hill was asked which was the best means of securing a long life; and he said, "hard work."

Labor not only contributes to the length of its life; but makes useful. Some men and women live, and sometimes live to great ages; without hardly doing anything for their own happiness or the happiness of others. Life is only useful in proportion to its being devoted to the highest uses for man and God.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—"Dear Mother," said a delicate little girl; "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing—always in some mischief, go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you!"

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault!

With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived thro' life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand "vases" in comparison!

Farmer's Department.

TIPPING COTTON.

Some of our readers, we trust, will experiment on the benefits to be derived from tipping cotton. The question should be settled whether any advantage is attainable by this method, and if any, how much.

As a system of reasonable pruning, it should be followed, if followed at all, with sound judgment. It is not the largest weeds or plants that always yield the most lint—and how to suppress the growth of the stalks, minutely, as composed with the other parts of the plant, is the knowledge which all planters should aim to develop. If we had a field of growing cotton, we should not only experiment in tipping a portion of it, but also in the use of the hoe and the weeder. A gill to a pound scattered over a foot or 18 inches square, and dug into the soil might aid much in developing forms and filling them with seed and lint. Guano, and urine, ought to be used in a similar manner; and lime, plaster and oil, as well as manure may be worked in about the stems and needy roots of cotton and corn, when tilled in June.

It is a leading cultivated plants on scientific principles is in its infancy. Experiments are much needed to verify or falsify the suggestions of agricultural chemists. All must be light, and all should lead a leading hand to increase and diffuse it. We are not expert in the use of the hoe and the weeder, but we are not without effort. The pursuit of the farmer has remained in some nations without material change for thousands of years. Cultivation of the soil did not try to improve themselves or their paternal lands; and therefore no improvement in either was attained. Let our friends be admonished to a spirit of national progress. Let them not think still the world will not, unless there is some reason to fear that it ceases to advance with this advancing age. We will be trodden under foot and crushed by the hands of a "number of the ground."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

We cannot undertake to say what will be the best for each one, as this interval between the labors of making and the commencement of them for sowing the crop. It ought to be a season, to some extent, of relaxation and rest; yet there is much about every farm which needs to be, and very appropriately, done at this time. To those who have no lands to clear, this is a good time, and the most light and pleasant, to complete the arrangements of clearing, by cutting down the undergrowth, such as may be too small for sale, and is intended to be burned. The brush becomes dry, and the business of clearing up is greatly facilitated in the operations of the next winter. Time and labor from the weaker hands, may be well spent now, in cleaning up fence sides, raking the rich and shaded mould of the jams into piles, to be spread in the spring, much to the benefit of the border rows. It is a good time also for putting the houses in good order for the coming winter, and to see that the gables, gutters and gins, are all in good condition for their approaching uses. The manure from the stalls and lots is now to be packed in all to be well penned and protected from waste, until needed for the next spring, and fresh supplies of straw, leaves, or anything else to be appropriated to this use, must now be put in place, that this indispensable branch of good husbandry may be managed on that good supply of manure be ready for distribution at the proper time. If your groves have done well, or if you want to bring them under obligations to do so, we suggest these directions by advising a few hardy about this time, at which season men, woman, and child, shall appear with a clean washed skin, and his hair cut short, and we pledge ourselves to the whole of the dinner, if the washing of both master and slave are not improved by the operation. Soil of the

EXTRACT OF COTTON IN PRESERVING FRUIT. We have been informed, by a gentleman who has had practical proof of its success, of a new mode of keeping fruit fresh for the table, as grapes, plums, &c., a long time after they have been gathered. It is simply to alternate them in layers with cotton batting in clean stone jars, and to place them in a chamber secure from frost. A servant in the family of Wm. Morry, Union Mills, Washington county, about to visit his friends, secured a quantity of plums in this way, to preserve them until her return. They were found to have kept in excellent condition, longer after the fruit had disappeared from the garden. From the hint thus afforded, Mr. Morry, Mr. Holmes and one or two others, laid down grapes in this manner, and they enjoyed the luxury of fresh fruit during the winter, until the early part of March.

PRESERVING IRISH POTATOES. A correspondent of the Soil of the South, (Wm. Murray, of Catauga Springs) gives the following plan for preserving Irish potatoes: "Mix two bushels of charcoal with one bushel of air-slaked lime for every fifty bushels of potatoes, and sprinkle the mixture through the potatoes immediately after removing them from the field. In this way you may keep them perfectly sound until spring."

CEMENT FOR GRAFTING. The grafting season being at hand, it may be of advantage to some of our readers to state that we have found the very best grafting wax made from the following ingredients: One part tallow, two of beeswax, and three of rosin; melt and mix the whole—turn it into cold water, and melt it as shoemaker's wax. These make a compound that will not melt in hot summer's sun, nor crack in the severest cold.—Baltimore Clipper.

Needs that grow unmolested around the weeds, stamps and stones, scatter their seeds over the farm and produce a crop of trouble.

Why is every body's pantaloons too short? Because their legs stick through two feet.

COLTS.

The breaking of a colt should be commenced before he is twenty-four hours old. Handle him frequently—make a pet of him. —Bridle him young, and the winter when he is two years old, place a wagon saddle on his back, and buckle the girth loosely. Take it off at night, and after doing this a few times, add the breeching, and pursue this course with all parts of the harness, until the whole is familiar to him. Then add the whippletree, and while a careful person leads him, hold back so that he may feel the pressure of the collar or breastplate gradually. If he is high spirited, so much the better—if you do not beat him. Be resolute and firm with him, but not abusive.

Let him understand that you are master, but a humane, reasonable one. Treat him in this manner, and ninety-nine in a hundred need no other breaking. Breaking is the word, no other will express the practice which has obtained. They have been broken, head, back, and legs, until they were nearly wild, and not from any fault of their own, but from the ignorance of the breaker!

Colts do not refuse to work from any disposition not to earn a living, but because they do not understand what is required of them. They need not be educated, and this must be done gradually—not in a day, or month but months. These are only a few brief hints—study the animal yourself, and learn what course is required to be pursued. —New England Farmer.

DEFINITION OF AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture, for the purpose of comparison, may be considered as a trade, an art, and a science.

The trade, if mechanical, requiring muscular strength. It is imitative—it is to do a thing as one has been taught to do it, or has done it before. The art in a measure acquires it. He knows his master and his master's crib; he treads the accustomed furrow, turns at the head lands and understands and obeys at the driver's commands. The mere servile laborer moves in the cold routine, without concerning himself about the why and the wherefore, almost unconscious that he has a mind.

The heart implies a co-operation of the mind with physical power. The rigid contrivances; it is force which greatly assists and abridges the labor of the hands. The mind, like the soil, makes return in proportion to the culture which is bestowed upon it. Both are unproductive without culture. The mind is improved by observation and reading, which makes it familiar with the best models of practice, and enables it to profit by the improvements of others, in the various departments of husbandry.

The science teaches the laws and properties of inorganic matter—as of rocks, earth, manures, &c., of organic matter, as animals and vegetables;—of their structures;—and the agency of heat, water, air, light and electricity in their development and maturity—the employment and adaptation of all these matters for the best uses of man. It concentrates the experience of ages, and the labors of nations, upon these interesting subjects, and makes them subservient to our comfort. The science is a collection of facts and leading truths, illustrated in practice, and confirmed by experience.

The trade, therefore, may be managed by the hands, the art requires the co-operation of the mind, while the science superadds to both, a knowledge of the laws and properties of matter, upon which the mind and body are required to exert their energies. The first may be likened to the feeble boy, the second to the muscular young man, and the third to him whose mind and body are in the active development of their best powers.

WINTER APPLES.—Great carelessness, not to say downright slovenliness, is practiced by many persons handling winter apples. They are beaten or shaken from the trees like so many worthless bullets. They are hauled in rough carts, tumbled into barrels or bins, and if they keep well and good, and if they do not, then there is grumbling, because "it is always some folks' luck, to have all their apples rot."

Winter apples should be picked carefully by the hand from the twig they grow upon, and packed in barrels, under the tree where they grew; then hauled upon sleds or spring carts to the store-house, where they should be kept as long as the cold will permit, before they are placed in the cellar, which must be dry and cool and well ventilated, though not freezing, or they will not keep. In mid-winter they should be overhauled, and all that show a tendency to decay, carefully removed, and the sound ones replaced.

Apples may be kept a very long time by packing them in dry powder and plaster of Paris, so that no two can touch one another.

CEMENT FOR GRAFTING.—The grafting season being at hand, it may be of advantage to some of our readers to state that we have found the very best grafting wax made from the following ingredients: One part tallow, two of beeswax, and three of rosin; melt and mix the whole—turn it into cold water, and melt it as shoemaker's wax. These make a compound that will not melt in hot summer's sun, nor crack in the severest cold.—Baltimore Clipper.

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Murmurs Reading.

THE UGLY FAMILY.

In one of the lower districts of the Palmetto State, there once lived a family of some six or seven persons who were known far and wide as the "Ugly Family." One of them, Jake, was so "unspeakably" hard favored, that it made one feel as if he had bitten a green persimmon to look at him, and whenever he walked through the streets, the dogs slung their tails and sneaked off too scared to bark.

The fame of the family spread through the country, and at last reached the ears of a Georgian who for a long time had held undisputed possession of the celebrated penknife. The individual at length determined to pay a visit to the ugly family and endeavor to dispose of the aforesaid knife one morning he crossed the Savannah. About noon he saw a wagon ahead, and rode up to inquire the whereabouts of "the family."

"Hello, stranger!" said he to a man walking by the side of the wagon.

"Hello yourself!" exclaimed the wagoner, turning around and disclosing a countenance so tremendously plain that the Georgian dropped from his horse.

"I say," said the Georgian, recovering a little from the astonishment, "are you not 'Ugly Jake' himself?"

The wagoner shook his head, and "grinned a ghastly smile," that made him look like the night mare personified.

"I'll bet you ten dollars that you are the ugliest man in the State," said the Georgian. "Done said the wagoner; 'come here.' And going to the back part of the wagon he called out: 'Wake up, Jake, and put your head out here.'

The Georgian burning with curiosity, leaned forward, as the cover was raised slowly up.—Suddenly his eyes fell upon a physiognomy so awfully, boundlessly overpowering, ugly that it seemed to be formed out of the double extract of delirium tremens.

The horse snorted and started back in fright, threw his rider over his head; but the latter had scarcely touched the ground before he was mounted again. Throwing down the ten dollars and his penknife, without saying a word, he "struck a bee line for the Savannah," looking alternately over each shoulder, as long as the wagon remained in sight.

FATHER MURTRICK LAFFERTY'S DISCOURSES.

Well Mither Finnigan, sein' as ye are all here except them that's absent, and as its meself that has the care of all yer souls bedad I'll be after givin' yer a sermon this fine mornin' that'll make the likes o' yerz think the world's comin' to an ind intirely!

First an' foremost I'll be after givin' yer a description of yer frind the devil, thinkin' it may be serviceable to yerz time to come. Well, then, to begin, the devil is a big black, ugly lookin' evil disposed pursuin', havin' on the top of his head a pair of horns as big as the steeple of howly church of Rome, barrin' yer're quite out as high as that same; an' thin he's got a long tail, that he whisks about an' picks up all his frinds when they git tired of travellin' about the world—an' as fur his color, it 'ud puzzle the devil himself to tell that same, fur ivery where ye go, yer'll be after hearin' of this thing an' that thing, an' its black as the devil, an' its white as the devil, an' its cawld as the devil, an' its hot as the devil, so yer'll be after sein' he's a devil or a fellow intirely.

But what signifies my wastin' my time describin' this same devil to ye, whin perhaps there's a sorra one o' ye but knows more of him thin I do meself, an' if ye see it why ye will in course of time, so ye see its all one an' the same thing, any way.

An' perhaps while ye are listnin' to me, the parson of the parish, ye are thinkin' whose pockets ye shall pick, or whose throat ye shall cut before the church; an' perhaps it will be mine.

And may be it was some one of ye or all of yerz that murdered Paddy McGinnis, the blind fiddler, upon the moor, whin had it not abin for Jimmy Iniskillin an' meself, the pure fellow would a nearly alost his life; an' perhaps its some of yerz that's had a hand in the tearin' down of the widow Mealeane's cot in the bogs, down by the lark side, durin' the last wake, whin they went to wake the door Paddy McFarland, that had gone dead the day before; bad cess to the dirty amad-haws that done the deed.

But as I see that some of ye in the corner, are whisperin' and nudgin' each other, I suppose ye are after thinkin' its time ye were down at the Shebeen house, gittin' yer Monday dram, so go out o' that ye dirty blackguards, an' remember that ye don't be after fagittin' to remember to ax me, the parson of the parish, havin' the care of all yer souls, to go along wid ye and take of a glass of the fine old whiskey, or may the lord have mercy on yer souls. Amen.

Lossing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognising him said, "The Professor is not at home."

"Oh very well," said Lossing, composedly, walking away, "I shall call another time."

Dobbs says the first time a girl kissed him he felt as if he was sliding down a rainbow with butter and honey in each hand.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL HOUSE.

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean Joseph on what continent—the eastern or western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are its products?"

"Africa, sir, or down south?"

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No sir; by drawing their breath!"

"Sit down Joseph!"

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole runnin' perpendicular through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas. William Stiggs, what do we mean by an eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir."

"Silence! Next, Jack what is an eclipse?"

"An Eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gits on a bust, and runs agin the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face!"

Class is dismissed.

THE DUTCH JUDGE.

A friend gives us an amusing idea of a Dutch Judge in the following sketch:—He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him, found him playing chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadsheet paper, he thus addressed the jury: "Misdere voreman and 'other jurymen: De brisener, Hans Vlecker is vinished his game mit der sheriff, and has peat him, put I shall dake gare he don't peat me! Hans has peen tried before you, and you must pring into der verdick, but it must be 'acordin' to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as it was broved, he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep seadling. Put dake ish no madder. Der-law says ven der ish a tou're you giv'e'm to der brisener; put here der ish no tou't, so ye see der brisener is guilty. Pesides, he ish a great loaf'er. I haf know'd him vity year, and he hasn't done a s'ditch of work in all dat times; and der is no one dependin' upon him for der livin', and he ish no use to nobody.—I dink it would be goot blase to hang him for der examble. I dink, Mr. Voreman, dat he pette'r pe hung next Fourt' of July, as der militia is goin' to drain in ander county, and der would pe no vun goin' on here."

It should be added to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this "learned and impartial charge" they acquitted the "briso-ner," finding "Not guilty, if he would leave the State."

GOOD WISHES.—A singular sort of a man not twenty miles from here, sent to a magistrate to write his will. After a number of requests, he went on—Items: "I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars."

"Why you are not worth half that sum in the world," interrupted the magistrate. "Well, no matter if I am," replied the other, "its my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind too."

"John, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intol-eraple yell for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you, chimed in the hopeful

minuteman. The man who pushes aside the paper with his first sip of coffee, and says "there is nothing in it," and who turns up his nose at typographical blunders, might find a profitable exercise in trying to make a paper of his own some evening, and then get the candid opinion of his friends upon its merits.

A short man became attached to a very tall woman and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call that falling in love?" said an old bachelor "it is more like climbing up to it."

INDIAN BREAD.—Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, and one pint of fine Indian meal, melt one tablespoonful of butter and add to the mixture; dissolve one table spoonful of soda and saleratus, &c., in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture the last thing, beat very hard and bake in a pan, in a quick oven.

Good humor is the girdle that binds friendship to love.

A wise man's works are gems, whose beauty are often hid from the world by modesty.

"Dick what do you call sheer nonsense?" "Why, shearing a pig for his wool!"

A sweet countenance is never so sweet as when the moved heart animates it with compassionate tenderness.

We always find excuses for our own misconduct, but never can palliate the errors of others even though they erred from less cause than ourselves.

What is the difference between the worm of a still and a still worm?

Swedish Iron & Moulds.

A LARGE LOT, just received and for sale by BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Feb. 4

CHESTER DISTRICT BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Town Council.

DAVID PINCHBACK, President.

W. T. Robison, T. J. Danovant, John McKee, Jr., A. H. Davaga, W. E. Elliott, Clerk, Wm. Walker, Marshal.

Meetings.—First Saturday in every month, at candlelight.

District Officers.

John Roberson, Sheriff, Peter Wylie, Clerk of Court, Ordinary, Jas. A. Thomas, Tax Collector, James Hemphill, Comm'r. in Equity, John Charles, Coroner, James Graham, Exciseator.

Magistrates.

J. A. Williamson, James B. Magill, Moses McKown, David Jamieson, John G. Gill, James A. Lewis, Richard H. Fudge, J. C. Kirkpatrick, John Davis, Abraham Gibson, John Ferguson, James S. Turner.

Commissioners of Roads.

EASTERN BOARD.

DANIEL G. STINSON, Chairman, Wm. E. Kelley, D. B. Stephens, Cornelius Caldwell, Robert Douglas, Culbert Harrison, James Atkinson, J. G. Backstrom, Ralph McFadden, C. Caldwell, Secretary.

WESTERN BOARD.

Dr. ELL CORNWELL, Chairman, Coleman Crosby, Richard Woods, Simpson Manning, John Corwell, Solomon Moss, John A. Haffer, Esauel Sanders, Robert S. Hope, Moses S. Hardin.

COLEMAN CROSBY, Sec'y. and Treas'r.

Meetings.—Second Monday in March, June, and November, at Chester C. H. Joint meeting with Eastern Board, first Monday in January, at Chester C. H.

Commissioners of Poor.

ISAAC McFADDEN, Chairman, David N. Hardin, Wm. Corwell, Jr., W. T. Gilmore, Alex. W. Smith, D. N. Hardin, Secretary and Treasurer, F. A. Hardin, Superintendent of Poor.

Meetings.—Last Saturday in every month, at the Poor House.

Commissioners of Free Schools.

JOHN ROSEBOROUGH, Chairman, Wm. D. Henry, James Drennan, Richard H. Fudge, G. G. Robinson, Chas. T. Seale, Nicholas Colvin, Wm. D. Henry, Sec'y. and Treas'r.

Meetings.—Fourth Monday in January, April, July and October.

REGULATIONS.—Each Teacher is required to keep a book, and enter correctly therein the number of days that each scholar attends his school. The scholastic year consists of 360 days.

A Teacher, on presenting his claim to the Board, shall produce a certificate, signed by at least two respectable citizens, residing in the vicinity of the School, that he has faithfully discharged his duty as a Teacher, and that the scholars set forth in his account are proper recipients of the Free School Fund.

The Chairman and Secretary have power to issue drafts on the Treasurer and pay Teachers, who present their claims in due form, when the school has been opened and located by the Board.

Commissioners of Public Buildings.

JOHN ROSEBOROUGH, Chairman, Samuel McAlley, Jordan Bennett, Matthew Williams, John McKee, Jr., Wm. D. Henry, John S. Wilson, Wm. McDonald, S. Alexander, S. McAlley, Secretary, J. ROSEBOROUGH, Treasurer.

Commissioners to Approve Public Bonds.

Thomas McLeure, Wm. D. Henry, N. R. Eaves, H. C. Braxley, James Hemphill.

Notary Public.

Robert B. Caldwell, G. B. Montgomery, Jr., James Hemphill, C. D. McLean, J. Y. Miller, James McDaniel, Daniel G. Stinson.

Bank Agencies, at Chester C. H.

Bank of the State of South Carolina, H. C. Braxley, Agent.

Planter's & Mechanic's Bank of South Carolina, W. D. Henry, Agent.

Union Bank of South Carolina, John A. Braxley, Agent.

Commercial Bank of Columbia, S. C. McLeure & Harris, Agents.

Post Offices.

Names.

Chester, C. H., Wm. Walker, Blackstock's, D. J. Fant, Springwell, Elijah Cornwell, Chesnut Grove, J. B. Lewis, Louisville, J. A. Edes, Cedar Shoals, J. A. H. Gaston, Beckhamville, Wm. Anderson, Roseville, D. R. Stevenson, Pedenville, David Moffatt, Torbit's Store, Samuel McCaw, Haleville, Charles Parrot, Crosbyville, Coleman Crosby, Carmel Hill, J. W. Estes, Beldenville, J. A. Edes, Chalkville, Col. H. Chalk, Tombville, Wm. McCraigh, Wallace, J. W. Russell, La Grange, Jacob F. Strait.

These marked (*) are supplied with a daily mail, being on the line of the Rail Road.

Those marked (†) are supplied tri-weekly by stage. The others have only a weekly mail.

PLANTERS' & MECHANICS' HOTEL.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the House recently occupied by Wm. M. McDonald, and which was for many years known as a Public House, is now fully prepared to accommodate

TRAVELERS AND BOARDERS,

in the best style the market will warrant, and on the most reasonable terms. His house is in the business part of the town, in large and commodious, and supplied with experienced and attentive servants.

His Stables are well arranged and under the care of experienced Hostlers.

DROVERS

can be accommodated with convenient lots, and with every thing necessary for their stock, on reasonable terms.

HENRY LETSON.

Jan. 7

Swedish Iron & Moulds.

A LARGE LOT, just received and for sale by BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Feb. 4

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

Dr. J. S. HOUGHTON'S

PEPSIN.

THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR GASTRIC JUICE.

Prepared from RENNET, or the fourth STOMACH OF THE OX, after directions of BARON LIEBIG, who created Physiology of Blood, Coagul. Cold. Asthma, Pain in the side, Bronchitis, Hooping Cough, and all Pulmonary affections.

It is a truly wonderful remedy for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, and all the diseases of the STOMACH, PLACENT, CONSTIPATION, and DEBILITY, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice.

It is a spoonful of Pepsin, infused in water, will digest or dissolve, FIVE POUNDS OF ROAST BEEF IN about two HOURS, out of the stomach.

PEPSIN is the chief element, or Great Digestive Principle of the Gastric Juice—the SOLVENT OF THE FOOD, THE PRINCIPLE OF PRESERVING, AND VITALIZING AGENT OF THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES. It is extracted from the Digestive Stomach of the Ox, thus forming an ARTIFICIAL DIGESTIVE FLUID, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its chemical properties, and furnishing a COMPLETE AND PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for it. By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA are removed, just as they would be by a healthy Stomach. It is going wonders for DYSPEPTIC CONSUMPTION, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The Scientific Evidence upon which it is based, is the highest degree CURIOUS and REMARKABLE.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE!

BARON LIEBIG in his celebrated work on Animal Chemistry, says: "An Artificial Digestive Fluid, analogous to the Gastric Juice, has been prepared from the mucous membrane of the stomach of the Ox, in which various articles of food, as meat and eggs, had been soaked, CRUMBLED, AND DIGESTED, IN THE SAME MANNER AS THEY WOULD BE IN THE HUMAN STOMACH."

It is called the Agent, and get a Descriptive Circular gratis, giving a large amount of SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE, similar to that above, together with the RECORDS OF REMARKABLE CURES, from all parts of the United States.

AS A DYSPEPSIA CURE,

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN has produced the most MARVELLOUS EFFECTS, in curing such DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION, NERVOUS DECLINE, and DYSPEPTIC CONSUMPTION. It is impossible to give the details of cases in the limited space of this advertisement. But authentic certificates have been given of more than TWO HUNDRED REMARKABLE CURES, in Philadelphia, and in Great Britain, and in every part of the world, and the cures were not only rapid and wonderful, but permanent.

It is a Great Remedy for Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and for all the evils of Quinine, Mercury, and other drugs upon the Digestive Organs after a long sickness. Also, for curing the most obstinate cases of indigestion. It almost miraculously restores the system to health.

PRIVATE CIRCULARS for these cases of Physicians,